

G. A. S. M. A. L. E. T.

GARLAND

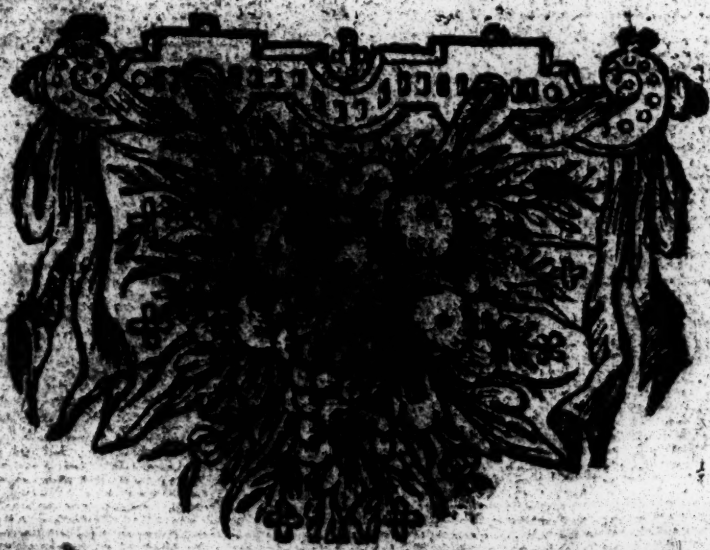
OF PIOUS AND

GODLY SONGS,

Composed by a devout Man,

For the Solace of his Friends and
neighbours in their afflictions.

*The sweet and the sower
The nettle and the flower
The Thorne and the Rose
This Garland Compose.*



Printed in GANT 1684

29. May. 1687.

The Printer to the Author.

WORTHY Sr. It's noe crime to collect other mens workes, to make the use of them for which they were intended, but to commit them to the press without the authors leave, is a fault I beg your pardon for, and am in hopes you will not deny it me, in regard I have noe other intrest in't, but to disperse those pious Lines full of goodness amongst my poore country men, who have now little consolation left, but what they have from you, I pray God to requite you with a long life, and more content, then these times can afford you, I am.

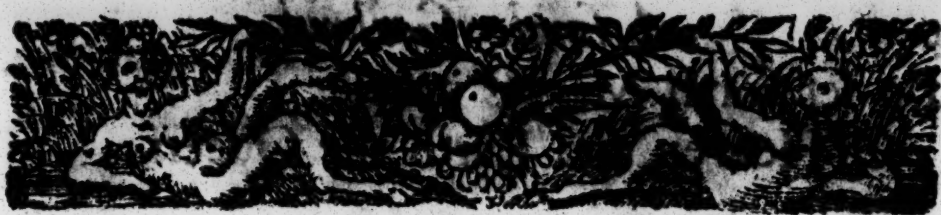
Sr. Your most humble serv.



N. N.



4801. 1711. A. D. in Latin.



A S M A L E
G A R L A N D;

A Posie Presented to a MARY
In her owne garden on

S^t MARYES DAY,

To the tune of Bonnie Brooe.

I.

His is S^t Maryes day,
What flowers shall I present?
That may to you give Joy,
And give my self content,
In your garden A posie
Of flowers I will compose,
Of Mary gould of Lilly
Of Violet and of Rose.

It's easy to behould
Your garden round beset,
With Rose and Mary gould,
With Lilly and violet,
Before your eyes all dayes
Those flowers are to be seene

4 *A smale Garland.*
To set forth Maryes prayse
Of Heaven and Earth the Queen.

Shee is a heavenly flower
The mysticall white rose,
Sprung by the Almighty power
Which thorne did nere inclose,
Sometimes a damaske bright,
Sometimes a purple red,
When her son in her sight
His precious bloud was shed.

Rose-

Shee is the Lilly flower
Her heart's the bole or cup,
Full Fild' with odours pure
Her self to offer up,
The stem still stands upright
With it's sweet and fragrant sent,
Her Soul both day and night
To heaven for to present.

Lilly-

Shee is the Mary gould
Which still observes the sun
And doth her leaves unfould
As his swift course doth run,
Her son with fixed Eye
And heart she still attends,
And he in glory high
His brightness to her sends.

*Mary-
gould*

Shee

A smale Garland.

50

Shee is the Violet

The first flower of the spring

With lowe green leaves beset

A sweet and humble thing

Violet

Yet whilst shee cover'd lyes

Neglected and not seen

And shrouded from all Eyes

Of heaven she's chosen Queen.

Humility did raise

Her up from Earth to heaven

And gain'd her all the prayse

Of Angells and of men,

He who made men, and Angells,

The heavens the sun, and moone,

The thrones, and the Archangells,

Hath made himself her son.

Where ever was it done

What unto her was sayd

Thou shalt conceive a son

And still remaine a mayd,

Seeke not for such another

Noe other shall we find

She's the onely virgin Mother

The Phænix of her kind.

Lines presented to a Freind in her garden
which formerly was a large Chapple.

*To the tune of What time the groves were
clad in greene, &c.*

II.

IN filent sadnes I fate downe
On new greene banckes of gras,
With Cherry trees invirond round
Where once a Chappel was,
A holy blessed sacred place
Of vertues and good deeds
Lay wholly changed before my face
To a garden full of weeds.

Here formerly great numbers came
At all howers of the day
Our Christians then did feare no blame
On bended knees to pray,
Here I now daily walke alone
As in a wilderness,
Sadd change of times I doe bemoane
In filent Pensiveness.

As Jeremy I cry'd and mourn'd
At this most strange event
Gods house into a garden turn'd
Did cause me to lament

My

A finale Garland.

7

My teares like water downe did fall
My heart for to poure out
With lifted hands then did I call
To all the heavens about.

I pray'd the heavens for to behould
This Arke layd on the ground
I ask'd of them who was foe bould
As Lyon to pull downe
All her buildings lowe and high
Are troden under feet
The stones of her sanctuary
Are scattered in the street.

Our Alters vally'd more Then gould,
Were deck'd for holiness,
Adorn'd with Objects to behould
And moove to godlines
Now trees growe where those alters stood,
For Preists to sacrifice,
And offer up that precious bloud
Which our soules Puryfies.

Our Priestly vestments white, and red,
Our violet, and our green,
The blacke which we keep for the dead,
No more are to be seene:
No pulpit for the sacred word,
To give the spirituall bread
Our Preachers which did that afford
Are sent away or dead.

Our

A smale Garland.

Our bells no more Are heard to ring
 To call us to the quier
 No Organs left to help us sing
 No incense for our tyer
 No silver Lamps now left to shine
 No tapers to give light
 No mass by day here can we find
 Nor mattins here by night.

Good God looke on our miserie,
 Looke on our wofull state,
 Forget us not Eternally
 Thy mercy's n'ere too late,
 And though our greivous sins deserve
 Thy wrath and rage at us
 See not the holy things that serve
 Thy Church disposed thus.

To the poore distressed Gentry cast out
 of their Estates.

*To the tune of shea veer me geh hegnough
 turshogh tyne trelogh, &c.*

III.

MY deare and poore freinds I doe pittie your teares,
 Your troubles, and forrows, afflictions and feares,
 I pittie your suffrings, your sighs, and your groanes,
 Your daily sad plaints, and your most dolefull moanes.
 When ever yee meet, be it earely, or late,
 Yee speake but of thornes, and of bryars of your state,
 Yee tell your misfortunes, and count your sad losses,
 Your great heavy Burthens, and most bitter crosses.

Yee

A smale Garland.

9

Yee struggle with want which your bodies makes weake
The afflictions yee suffer your spirits doe break
Yee groane under that yoake by which yee are pres't
Faint under that burthen which keeps yee from rest.
Of hunger and famine yee Are certaine and sure,
The thirkt of the desert yee are forc'd to endure,
As naked as Jobes yee live bare and scant,
The birds have their nest's yee resting place want.

But your patience most stronge cannot vanquished be,
With your crosses like Christians yee sweetly Agree,
As gould in the furnace they make yee more pure,
Your vertues more glorious, the more yee endure.
t'Is by suffering with patience that heaven yee must gaine
An eternall reward for your temporal paine
A great crowne of glory which ever doth last
For those crowns of thorns which quickly are past.

A Gentleman -cast out of his estate and
Patrimony contemneth the world.

To the tune of Alas I cannot keep my sheep, &c.

IV,

DEludeing world great are thy charmes,
That thou obscur'st the brightest Eye,
Blind mortalls cannot see the harmes,
That waite on thy unconſtancy
Thy seeming pleasures soone decay,
Thy greatest Joyes make little stay-bis
Thy greatest &c.

A 5

How

How barren are their hopes that trust,
To draw contentement from thy shrine,
Since all thy brightness tends to rust,
And all thy Joyes as swift as time,
In which we daily doe discry
A Stedfast mutabillity.

Who did on top of honours stand,
In power glory pompe and might,
They now obey who did command,
To teach that worldly Joyes are light,
And all her fleeting favours fly
Still constant in unconstancy.

Thy sparkling gemms and glittering gould
With all thy silver shincing store,
Thy riches, treasures manifold
As borrowed gift's we must restore
Which droping come but flow away
Got in an age lost in a day.

The loss of country and of freinds
And all that we esteem'd most deare,
Shew that the surest Joyes soone ends,
That in this falce world doth appeare,
Widdows lament, and Orphans cry
The Cruell worlds unconstancy.

What in this world is priz'd most deare
To give our greedy hearts content

A smale Garland.

Is not possess'd without great feare,
Nor lost without our discontent
All my desires shall therefore cease
In it to seek for quiet peace.

THE SECOND PART.

I will awake my soul transform'd
By ugly sinn more blacke then night
Cast of the Magick that hath charm'd
My sence with shaddows of delight
Which now appeare to be but sinoake
Or brittle glasse that's quickly broake.

Get up my soul with active wings
Call home thy thoughts that wandring stray,
Fly false delights that breed but stings,
Let pennance lead thee from their way,
Let greif restore thy innocence
And melt in teares for thy offence.

With teares I'll drowne my troubled brest,
And Ease my braines with watry Eyes,
My sighs shall please my heart oprest,
If sighs and teares can part suffice
To pay the greif due to my crime,
And ransome my Ill I' avish'd time.

My precious time I Idly spent
To please my self with vanitie.

My

My sinnfull youth for to content
I sported in iniquitie.

And vail'd with Errors could not see
My God how farr I strayd from thee.

Good God from thy great mercies throne,
Into my soul thy flames inspire,
Soften my heart more dull then stone,
Withdraw my love from Earthly mire
That I may hate all that is sinn
And never live nor dye therein.

Mary Mother of perfect rest
Present my weakness to thy son,
That mercy flowing from his brest
May pardon my offences done
And grant me grace to persevere
In his sweet love and sacred feare.

The comfort of Patience to this poore
Gentleman.

*To the tune of how cold and temperat am I growne
since I could call my heart my owne, &c.*

V.

Good mistris Patience came of late
To visit me and neere me fate,
She felt my pulce to understand,
How I did want her helping hand

For

A smale Garland.

13

For to assist me to digest
What bitter pills are for me drest.

She's my Physitian and my Cooke
On her receipts I daily looke.
According them I doe prepare
Some pleasant sauce for my sowre fare,
To help my weakness to devoure
What's most displeasing, harsh and sowre

For me Aposie she did compose,
More of the thorne then of the Rose,
To let me know that I should meet,
More of the bitter then the sweet,
And still find les of good then bad
More cause to greive then to be glad.

Secrets to me she did unfold,
For to endure both heat and cold,
For to tast of the sweet and sower,
And touch the nettle with the flower
And take the honny with the sting
And be wel pleased with every thing.

I did obey without remorse,
Or she would have it done by force,
We must drinke all what she doth fill
Or freely, or against our will.
I tooke her Cup and swallowed all
Her wormewood, vinegar, and gall.

The

The O hone of the same Gentleman

To the tune of Patricke Flemming, &c.

VI.

O Hone, Ohone, Ohone, Ohone
I dearely love this dolefull tone
When sorrouw makes me greive and moane
All my delight is this Ohone

O hone

With sadness when I am oprest
O hone doth ease my troubled brest
O hone by day is my best feast
By night O hone is all my rest

O hone

Whether I doe wake or sleep,
O hone with me I alwayes keep,
O hone is in my heart most deep,
When others langh O hone I weep,

O hone

When with my self jam alone,
And to my self can freely grone
And to my self can make my moane
With every sigh I Cry O hone

O hone

O hone is A strange disease,
Though it be sad yet it doth please
Though it doth hurt, yet doth Ease,
Then my Ohones shall never Cease

O hone.

Would

Would my O hones were all wel spent
My Careless life for to lament
My daily faults for to repent
In such O hones ther's true content
O hone
With Peter then I'le Cry O hone.
With Magdalen I'le weep and grone
With David I'le my Crimes bemoane
From them I'l learne the true O hone
O hone

The penitent Magdalen

To the tune of Alas I cannot keep my sheep, &c.

VII.

FAire Magdalen your teares expresse
The paines and sorrowes of your mind,
Your sinns and crimes they doe confesse,
Yet in your teares your Joyes you finde,
By weeping you doe ease your woe,
And from your grief releife doth grow.
With showers which from your Eyes doe fall
As precious pearles you Are richly clad
Your sinns they wash out great and smale
Which makes your soul with sorrow glad
Your teares more sweet then Aprill showers
Make you more pure then Purest flowers.

Those are the teares that once made hast,
To wash our blessed saviours feet,
It's for his sake they drop soe fast
Such is your love your Lord to meet
And

A smale Garland.

And for your sinns to weep and Cry
And never Cease untill you dye.

Death telleth each day that some dayes hence
To Mother Earth return we must,
When after los of life and sence
Your bodie shall be turn'd to dust,
On death you looke with stedfast Eye
And on that Crofs where life did dye.

With trobled mind and watery Eyes
Your thoughts and lookes are daily fix'
On Christ your Lord and all your Joyes
Nail'd naked to A Crucifix
Hanging all torne in woe and paine
His wounds weep bloud your heart to gaine;

His nailes are swords to peirce your heart
And make your wounds of sorrow wide
His crowne of thorne doth make you smart
That speare hurts you that lanc'd his side
With him you make a mutuall flood.
You with your teares he with his blood.

Have we not Christians marble hearts?
And flinted Eyes her teares to see,
Yet Are not touch'd with the same darts
Though sinners farr more great then shee;
Let us not be more dull then stone
To see sad Magdalen weep Alone;

And

Another on St. Magdalen

*To the tune of What time the groves were
Clad in green &c.*

VIII.

THe full faire Eyes of Magdalen
Like heavenly spheares do turn
And from their crystall globes are seen
Swift showers of pearles to run;
Likewatry diamond drops they fall
And falling ne're take rest;
Sweet Jewells to Adorn withall
Her Careless naked brest.

If that her Lord be but content
Those gemms and pearles to see,
Her weeping till her Eyes Are spent,
Will to her pleasant be:
She doth esteeme no greater blis,
No Joy to be more sweet
Then with her teares to wash and kisse
To wipe and dry his feet.

With love and feare she did draw near,
Not willing to be seen;
She wash'd his feet most pure and Clear,
And he her soul made clean;

B

Unwor-

Unworthy for to raise her head,
Down at his feet she lies;
Whose precepts she did often tread
And holy laws despise.

With silent penitive heart she feels
The conscience stings of sin;
In humble posture downe shee kneels,
Her pennance to begin:
Her heart with sorrows all opprest,
Her sins she doth repent;
With teares is written on her brest
The name of Penitent.

With shame and sorrow she doth hide
Her vertuous blushing face,
Her night of sin cannot abide
This fair, bright sun of grace:
As Publican, she knocks her brest
Her soul for mercy Cryes
Her heart with weight of Crimes opprest
Dares looke not on the skies.

Like to the Child most prodigall
She home returns at last
Her vanities her Crimes all
At Fathers feet to cast;
Unworthy she her self declares
His daughter for to be

A smale Garland.

19

As humble slave she onely craves
From sin to be set free.

From his strong hand she hopes releif,
Who dead, to life can raise
And change to Joyes the greatest grief,
His mercies she doth praise:
His mercy tells 't is not too late
Her sins for to repent;
And pardon's purchas'd at the rate
Of being penitent.

To mournfull groves of cypress trees
And dreadfull valeys, she
Go'th with all speed for thirty years
A penitent to be,
And in a Desert vast and wide,
For pennance a fit place;
She made her choice for to abide
With teares to hide her face.

Her face soon looks more pale and wan
Her beauty all decays
And for the lustfull sin of man
Her body she destroys:
't Is not for her owne sins alone
This sinner is in paine.
But for the sins of every one
Which hell by her might gaine.

A smale Garland.

Her dyet rootes, and herbs cold,
And her best clothes her haire,
Her hand a Crucifix doth hold
To free her from despaire,
She hopes Christ Crucified will treat
With mercies her poore soul,
Confessing sins many and great
And her transgressions fowle.

Thus Magdalen as a pure glass
To us doth represent
The way by which we all must pass
With her for to repent;
By a deluge of bitter teares
Our sins must purged be
They must be drown'd in those red seas,
Our souls for to set free.

Where's then our care? where are our pains?
Where is our grief and fears?
Have we no sins? have we no stains
To wash out with our tears?
Good God who help'd our Magdalen
Her sins to know and hate;
Help us with the same grace of Heaven
Thy saint to imitate.

On Judgement and hell

To the tune of the Dump.

X.

WE fill should remember that woefull sad day
When God to last Judgment will call us away
The voice of his trumpet should fill our ears
Sounding with terrors affrightments and fears;
For then rocks and montains and Cedars shal shake
The dead riseing from their graves
And from thir hollow Caves
Surpriz'd with strange horror shall tremble and quake
Full of fear to appear
Before that dreadfull throne
Where that all great and small
Must be judg'd every one.

On that dreadfull day more dismall then night
The sun shall be darkned the Moone give no light
The heavens & their powers most strangely shall move
The sparkling great stars shal from above
Then the Son of Man in the clouds will appear
The all knowing Judge most Just.
Before Whom all sinners must (Clear
Their thoughts, and their words, and their deeds all make
Sinners all that day shall
With Justice damned be
To remaine in hell pain
For all eternitie.

Eternitie which ever and ever doth last
Eternitie which never which never is past

B 3

After

A smale Garland.

After millions of years it is still as before
 A bottomless sea without limit or shore
 This endless condition being once but begun
 As a perpetuall day
 Never doth pass away
 But is ever still present and never is done,
 O never! O never!
 O long infinitie!
 O ever! O ever
 Dreadfull eternitie,

When thousands of years and millions are past
 Those pains but begin which Are ever to last
 Count leafes of the trees, and sands of the seas
 Count every moment of time with all these
 Count all the drops of the rivers and maine
 Count all the stars of the skie
 And all those multiply
 By millions of millions and millions again,
 All will pass but alas
 Hells wofull misery
 Ne'r to end must Attend
 Endless Eternitie.

When eternitie's ever and never we hear
 We are far from all terror from dread and from fear
 Of last Judgment day noe notice we take
 Our hearts doe not tremble though mountains must shake
 Though our life's uncertain we are certain to end
 Yet as bewitch'd with charms
 We doe not see the harmes
 To which world's false glory and pleasures doe tend;
 All our life full of strife
 For wordly vanity
 Spent in vain doth but gain
 Painfull eternitie.

The Ambitious man can only abide
What is fit to gain honour and cherish his pride
His head and his heart, his thoughts and desires
Still higher and higher and higher aspires
He minds not his beginning nor thinks of his end
Till death's 'sharp piercing dart
Strike him unto the heart
And to dust and ashes his greatness doth send,
Then in earth after death
His corps down doth ly
From the grave hell must have
His soul for eternitie.

The Covetous man with greedy desire
To get and to keep, more burneth then fire
Of silver and gold some handfulls to have
He toyleth and moyleth and liveth like a slave
He rests not by day nor is quiet at night
But to add somewhat more
To his acquired store
His pains are his pleasures and cares his delight
Till on bed he is layd
With empty hands to dy.
And after pain spent in vain
Die for eternitie,

The lecherous man for some lustfull consent
To sensuall delights of A moments content
For some brutish pleasure which long doth not last
For unpure desires embraceings unchast
For such wanton pleasures as man make their sport
Is sent unto hell's flame
His sensuall lusts to tame
For this sin vast numbers to hell doe resort
Then have care and beware

All Inares of lechery
Or be sure to endure
Hell for eternitie.

All those damned pains of hell to prevent
Whilst we are yet liveing let us make our descent
Let us dive to the depth of the Abyss of hell
Where the damned for ever in tortures will dwell
where flames of Sulphur doe burn without light
Where with gnashing of the teeth
And weeping Eyes they seeth
But monsters and dragons and toads to affright
Early and late meditate
Their wofull misery
Which for sin did begin
And lasts for eternitie.

With grace and with pennance then let us begin
To hate pride and Avarice lust and all sin
Vertue to embrace, and of vice to beware
Of crosses to bear with great patience alhare
All honours, and riches and pleasures despise,
That by our short lifes pain
We may shun hell, and gain
The eternall great glory of rich paradise
Where above in Gods love
With blessed souls of heaven
We may rest and be blest
For evermore Amen.

On the Nativitie of St. John Baptist.

XI.

ON St. Johns day all doe rejoyce
Yet in the defart he's but A voice
Which men admire

After this voice doth quickly come
Our saviour Christ the Virgins son
The word intire.

Before the word this voicc did run
As th'Aurora before the fun
To Joy all hearts.

This light appear'd before the day
To shew that d'arknesse must Away
And night depart.

Shadows of Moyfes law give place
The Herald of the law of grace
Is sent from heaven

Th'Ambassadour of th'Eternall King
Who to the world all Joyes doe bring
And peace to men.

Carolls for the severall dayes of Christ-
mas. First On Christ's Nativitie.

To the tune of Neen Major Neale, &c.

XII.

AN Angel this night
Doth to the shepheards bring
Most rare and joyfull news,
To move all harts to sing:
A saviour from heaven
Unto the world is come.
And God is now made man
For mans redemption.

The Shepheards in hast
Unto the stable run,
To see this precious Child
Th'eternall Fathers son;
Without a Father born,
His Mother a purc Maid,
By whom this heavenly babe
Is in a manger laid.

Now let us, with the shepheards,
Unto the stable goe,
Those miracles and wonders
For to adore and know:

With

A smale Garland.

23

With humble wit and will,
And open Eyes of faith,
We shall believe and see
All that the Angel saith.

But wits of men and Angels
Cannot conceive this blifs;
No heart can full resent it,
No tongue tell what it is;
Wits must Admire and marvel,
And hearts astonish'd be,
And tongues, with Joy be silent
In this great mysterie.

Here's all the hopes of Earth
And the delights of heaven,
The joy of all the Angels,
And the great price of men
The ransome of all finners,
All captives to set free;
How can we but rejoyce,
And all most merry be.

How can we but rejoyce
To heare what now is done!
The Son of God made man
And man made God's true son;
God doth appeare on Earth'
For to raise earth to heaven

ith

Whit

What cause of greater Joy
Could ever happen men.

Now infinite hight is low
And infinite depth is shallow,
The greatest length is short
The greatest largeness narrow,
Eternity by time
Is measur'd and clos'd up
Immensity confin'd
And in a stable shut.

The increated person
Is now created man,
The Creator made creature;
Who shall these secrets scan?
Who made all things of nothing
A nothing is become,
Our God most high and great
Is a poore Virgins son.

His greatness is made humble
And all his might is weak,
His glory is obscured,
His wisdom doth not speak;
His pleasures doe suffer,
His treasures Are in want
He made and rules the world,
And yet he's bare and scant.

But

But 't is to strengthen us
His might is made foe weak,
't Is for our faults and folly
His wisdom doth not speak,
For to correct our pride
In humble sort he lies,
And for to make us rich
Most poore he lives and dies.

The Angels may admire
How these strange things can be
And all the Devils may tremble
Their terror for to see
But sinners all on earth
May wel rejoyce and sing,
To thanke, and praise, and glory
Their saviour and their King.

Then glory unto the Father,
Who order'd all things thus,
Glory unto the Son,
Who gave himself to us
And to the holy Ghost,
Who did this worke of heaven,
Glory unto them now
And ever more, Amen.

On the Circumfision New years day

To the same tune of Neen Major Neale.

XIII.

THis first day of the year
 Jesus to us doth give
 His pure and precious blood
 That we in him may live
 A most rare new-years gift
 A greater none can have
 A gift more rich and precious
 None can desire or Crave.

This gift brings us great Joy,
 And makes us all admire,
 It proves his love for us
 To be all flames and fire
 And for our sake this day
 Jesus is his sweet name.
 A name which cost him deare
 His bloods' spilt for the same.

This name doth cost him deare
 By Circumfision knife
 For it this day he bleeds
 And after gives his life
 Coverd with costly Red
 In his own blood he lies

Prepared to give the rest
When on the Cross he dyes.

Both heaven and earth admire.
And doe Adore Jesus
To himself this day severe
And mercyfull to us
As soon as he's made man
And being but eight dayes Old
For us he gives his blood
More precious then all gold.

But how can Circumcision
With Jesus's name a gree
The true marke of a sinner
To saviour Joyned be
If circumfif'd how saviour
If saviour why circumfif'd
Why should this marke of sinners
To saviour be apply'd.

What's done on this great day
By circumfif'd Jesus
Is comfort and delight
Wonder and Joy to us
Who never had beginning
He by whom all begun
Begins this day the worke
Of our Salvation

Bless'd

Bless'd be this new years day
 Bless'd be this name Jesus
 Bless'd be this day of grace
 And mercy unto us
 Let's all put on new hearts
 To give to our Jesus
 No other new years gift
 Doth he require from us.

On St. Stephens day

To the same tune.

XIV.

THIS is St. Stephen's day
 His feast we solemnize
 From him we learn to pardon
 And love our enemies
 He's the first Christian Martyr
 Who pass'd from earth to heaven
 By suffering hate and envy
 And Injuries of men.

More Just then the Just abel
 This Prince of Martyrs dy'd
 His blood not for revenge
 But for God's pardon cry'd,
 For fury and for rage
 He did remission crave

For

For mallice he had mercy
And Love for hate he gave.

This souldier of the Cross
Arm'd not with Iron but faith
Doth not Assault but suffer
All that men doe or faith
On bended knees with hands
And Eyes fix'd on the skies
With humble heart he prayes
For murthering enemies.

He clos'd not up his lips
Whilst he enjoy'd his breath
To gaine for them a pardon
Who did procure his death
Pardon good God thin rage
This holy faint doth pray
Lay not unto their Charge
What e're they doe or say.

This Champion of the Cross
To conquer death doth dy
Suffrings are his triumphs
Death is his victory
The stones like showers of haile.
Which Jews on him doe cast
Become pure Crownes of Pearles
And Palmes which ever last.

He saw the heavens all open
 His throne of glory drest
 His saviour Christ prepared
 To place his soul in rest
 Then let us daily pray
 For those who us offend
 That with faint Stephen we may
 Enjoy a blessed End.

Short Carolls for Each day of Christ-
mass.

*All to the tune of, I doe not Love cause
thou art faire.*

XV.

For CHRISTMASS DAY.

THis Christmas day yow pray me sing
 My Caroll, to Our new born King,
 A God made man, the Virgins Son,
 The word made flesh, can this be don;
 Of me I pray noe more require
 Then this great mysterie to admire.

Whom Heaven of Heavens cannot cont aine,
 As scripture doth declare most plaine,
 In A pore stable is born this day

Layd

A smale Garland.

35

Layd in manger wrapt in hay
Of me I pray no more require.
Then this great mysterie to admire.

Heavens great treasures are now but small
Im'ensity no extent at all
Eternitie's but one day Old
th' Almighty feeleth the winter cold
Of me I pray no more require
Then this great mysterie to Admire.

For St. Stephens day.

XVI.

Saint Stephen had an Angels face
All full of vertue full of grace
By the falce Jews was ston'd to death
For Jesus Christ and for his faith
But for those stones in heaven he found
Of precious pearls A glorious Crown.

The Jews doe falcely him Accuse
And in their Councell him Abuse.
Their furious rage without delay
Make stones their Armes him to destroy
But for those stones in heaven he found
Of precious pearls A glorious Crown,

C 2

The

The most sweet faint with his last breath
 Doth pray for those who seeke his Death
 And leave not off whilst life doth last
 As thick as haile their stones to cast
 But for those stones in Heaven he found
 Of precious pearls A glorious Crown.

For St. John's day.

XVII.

Saint John did leane on Iesus breast
 Iesus lou'd Iohn more then the rest
 Our loveing Iesus St. John did love
 His gospell doth it clearly prove
 Then let St. Iohn be lou'd by us
 Who was belou'd by our Iesus.

Divine misteries lock'd under seale,
 To St. Iohn Iesus did reveale;
 His sectets did to him impart
 Made him the treasurer of his heart
 Then let St. Iohn be loud by us
 Who was belou'd by our Iesus.

He was Disciple Euangelist
 Apostle, Prophet what he list
 To him as his most Darling freind
 Iesus his Mother did com'end
 Then let St. Iohn be lou'd by us
 Who was belou'd by our Iesus.

For

For Innocents day.

XVIII.

THe Angell said to Ioseph mild
Fly with the Mother and the Child
Out of this Land to Ægipt goe
The heavenly Babe will have it foe.
For that his hower is not yet Come
To dy for mans Redemption.

Proud Herod he doth froth and frowne
Feareth to loose Kingdome and Crown
Full of disdane and full of scorn
He must destroy this younge King borne
But stay, his hower is not yet come
To dy for mans redemption.

Herod forbear this cruell flood
Of the most pure Innocent blood
To thee A Crown this Child doth bring
To make thee happier then a King
From highest heavens along he's come
To dy for man's Redemption.

For New Years day.

XIX.

SWeet Iesus was the Sacred name.
Of the sweet Babe who to us came
Angells and men this Name Adore
Both now and then and ever more
A saveing name this saviour he
Doth save us for Eternity.

Good God how precious is this Name
He gave his blood to gaine the same
To honour it All knees bow downe
In heaven and Earth and under ground
And every tongue confess that he
Doth save us for Eternitie.

Then Iesus I adore thy name
And Ever shall Adore the same
Thy name be graven in my heart
Live Alwayes there and ne're depart
My prayers day and night shall be
Save us Iesus, Iesus save me.

For

For twelfth day.

XX.

BEhould three Kings come from the East
Ledd by a star of stars the best
Which brought them where they did espy
The King of Kings and saviour ly
With gould and myrh and frankencense
They doe Adore this new born Prince.

It's strange what did these three Kings see
That might by them Adored be
A tender Babe layd on the ground
Yet they submit scepter and Crown.
Their gould their Myrh, their Frankencense
For to Adore this new born Prince.

Then let us with those three Kings bring
Our guifts unto this new born King
Our sence our will our wit our heart
And all that e're we can impart
Our gould, our Myrh, our frankencense
For to Adore this new born Prince.

For

Another short Carroll for Christ-
mas day.

XXI.

ON Christmase night all Christians sing
To heare what news the Angels bring
News of great Ioy cause of great mirth
News of our mercifull King his birth
The King of Kings of Earth and heaven
The King of Angels and of men
Angels and men with Ioy may sing
To see their new born King.

Angels with Ioy sing in the Ayre
To him who can their ruins repaire
And prissoners in the Limbs rejoyce
To heare the Ecchos of their voice
And how on Earth can man besad
The Redeemer is come to make them glad.
From sin and hell to set them free
And buy their libertie.

Then sin depart behold here's grace
And death here's life come in thy place
Hell now thou mayst thy terror see

Thy

A smale Garland.

41

Thy power great must Conquer'd be
And for thy darkeness we have light
Which makes the Angels sing this night
Glory to God and peace to men
For ever more Amen.

On Christmase day the yeare 1678. when
the Clergie were banish'd in the time
of the plot.

To the tune of bonny-brooe.

XXII.

THIS is our Christmase day
The day of Christs birth
Yet we are far from Ioy
And far from Christmase mirth
On Christmase to have no masse
Is our great discontent
That with out masse this day should pass
Doth cause us to lament.

The name of Christmase
Must chang'd and altered be
For since we have noe Masse
No Christmasse have we
It's therefore we doe mourne
With grief our hearts Are prest

C 5.

With

With teares our Eyes doe Run
Our minds and thoughts want rest

As Ieremie sadly fate
With teares forro lament
The temple desolate
Her gould and glory spent
Soe we doe greive and mourne.
To see no Preist at masse
No light on Alters burn
This day of Christmasse.

No masse heard this great day
No mattins sung last night
No bells to call to pray
No lamps, no taper light
No chalice, no rich robes
No Church no Chapple drest
No vestments precious Coapes
No holy water blest.

King David in his dayes
Before the Arke did dance
With musick and with praise.
Its honour to Advance
But we our sad Eyes fix
To see layd on the ground
Our Arke our Crucifix
Our tabernacle downe.

Our

Our Pictures daily open
As bookes before our Eyes
To read what we hear spoaken
Of Sacred misteries
They now are layd asside
And cast out of their place
Themselves from us they hide
In darkness and disgrace.

But if Church wales could speak
And Old times to us tell
If dead those graves could breake
Where thousand years they dwell
If that they could Arise
To preach what practis'd was
We should haue Preists alwayes
Our Aulters and our Masse.

Most pure and precious things
Were given in these times
By Emperours, Queens, and Kings
With gould and silver shrines
They deem'd nothing too rich
That through their hands could pass
To beautify the Church
And to set forth the Masse.

What those first Christians left us
Written by their pen

What

What learned fathers taught us
Great saints and holy men
What in their times was done
And practis'd in each place
As Cleare as shines the sun
Doth show they still had Masse.

But good Old times are past
And new bad times Are come
And worser times make hast
And hasten to us soone
Therefore in frights and feares
Those holy-dayes we pass
In sorrow and in teares
We spend our Christmases.

Some news each poste doth bring
Of Iesuites and their plots
A gainst our sacred King
Discovered first by Oates
Such plotters we may Curis
With bell and booke at masse
By them the time is worse
Then'ere we felt it was,

God bless our King and Queene
Long may they live in peace
Long may their dayes be seen
Long may their Ioyes increase

And

and those who doe not pray
that Charles in peace may raigne
with they never may
see Priest nor Masse againe.

The lamentation of the schollers present-
ted to their Master. S. G. at the dissolveing
of the schooles in Ross.

To the tune of. Fortune my foe, &c.

XXIII.

MUst our Apollo from us now begon?
And all our Muses leave their Hellicon
Must they forsake their new Parnassies hill
And leave no taste of Aganippeas well.

They must depart we can no more desire
One flame, or sparke, of their poetick fire,
Our Lyrick straines, and tunefull Odes must turn
To grunting sad complaints, of those who mourn.

When they Are gon, then must we feare, that we
(By Ovid's rule) must Metamorphos'd be
And that our soules by transmigration pass
Unto the bodies, of an Oxe, or As.

When they depart, nothing is left that's fit,
To cloath, and beautify, our naked wit,

Wit-

Without them, we can onely feed and feast
And sleep, and rest, and live as doth the beare

Raise then your voices up unto the skies,
And fill the vallies, with your woefull cries,
More sad then mourners: of A funerall,
Make our laments, be known to great and small

Let mournfull cypres wreaths, adorn our heads
And with our sad complaints, awake the dead
With dolefull, bawling sounds, let us now sing
And waste our selves away, our woes to ring.

Orphens like, wee'l speake to trees, and stone
To hills, and vallies, part our woeful moanes
That all that doth in heaven, and Earth appeare
May shew their pittie, our laments to heare.

Rivers which from themselves doe run away
To heare our plaints, will stop and make some stay
Receive our teares, that have more bitter taste
Then brackish seas, to which they make such haste

(travel)

The glideing streams, which through meddows
With greif doe toss their silver shineing channell,
The whispering brookes, and the gentle spring,
Their discontents, against their bankes doe ring.

Æolus with his boysterous blasts doth tell,
That

That all the winds that In his cave doth dwell,
Are sent abroad, to drown'd all ships that may
Appollo with our Muses) beare away.

The seas doe foame their Anger out apace
And will not have our Muses leave this place.
What ship attempts to carry them away
Will prove more fatall then the horse of Troy.

The struting fish as happy in this deluge
For sorrow she hath her most safe refuge
Yet in her troubled element she spies.
Her watry bed to dim her bleared Eyes.

The beasts most sad in humble vallies feed
And from the lofty hills run down with speed
Into the thickest groves where they may stay
When that our learned Muses must Away.

The pleasant fruitfull and the barren tree
Bend downe their heads & underneath them see
How in their shades we sit in heaviness
And give their sucking rootes but bitternefs.

The damaske rose, the white and blushing red
Looke pale to see us thus disordered
The pretty pansy and the gentle pinke
Conforme their colours to our darkest Inke.

Without them, we can onely feed and feast
And sleep, and rest, and live as doth the bea

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The pretty pansy and the gentle pinke
Conforme their colours to our darkest Inke.

The five leau'd blossome and the Marygould
 Ly closely shut not willing to behould.
 With open eyes how our Apollo's sent
 With all our muses into banishment.

The lilly faire the Iasinth purpled red
 The Courtly tulips droope their hanging herd
 Gardens and meddows are with mourners drest.
 And help us how our griefs may be exprest.

The chatteying birds which on the trees doe sit
 Their tunefull warbling noates doe now omit
 And with sad murmuring noise they onely sing,
 To welcome our next sad approcheing spring.

The Ayrie Regions kindly melt away
 And with their heavy clouds weep our decay (raine
 With droopeing showers and powering floods of
 They shew their sorrow for their woefull paine.

The bearded Comets and the rangeing starrs
 Foretell us nothing but of death and warrs
 Planets their anger with their influence breath
 And cast darke humours on us here beneath.

Iris cast off thy coloured streaming raies
 Clad thee in blacke to mourne our disma'll daies
 Put off thy blew, thy scailet, and thy green
 To our sad eyes not pleasant to be seen.

Cyn-

Cynthia the luster of our darker skie
With clouds ecclipsed let thy face mask'd lye
Let not thy borrowed brightness more appeare
Or shine againe on this Our Hemisphere

Phæbus most swift make hast from us away
Stay not to see the sceans of our sad play (light
Hide thy bright cheeks with darke and cloudy
Send not thy purer beames to our sad sight.

Let totall nature into sadness turne
And each Created thing Assist to mourne
Let shrub and Cædar all things great and small
Help us with swanns to sing our funerall.

Clotho make hast Lachesis take thy turne
Atropos cut our thred is too long spun
Since we have lost the masters of our wit
Pray let us dye to live we Are unfit.

Jelous to you this verse is due by right
Which dolefull pen with dismall Inke did write
Accept our Legacy and where e'r e you goe
Sing to the tune of Fortune was our foe.



The Answer of A letter to S. G.*In the time of the Plot.***XXIV.**

SR. to comply with your desire
 And to obey what you require
 Of me your servant and your freind
 Our present news to you I send
 With my best knowledge of the times
 In this letter clad with rimes
 For greater hast I thought it meet
 To give my messenger runing feet
 I know noe news of forraign Lands
 How the great Turke or Persian stands
 What happend the Muscovite of late
 How Præster John preserves his state.
 Nor what doth pass in Italy
 In Poland, Denmarke, Tartary
 Or whether Portugall will againe
 With all his forces trouble Spaine
 What hopes ther are to end the wars
 't Wixt English french and Hollanders
 Such forreigh news I doe omit
 Forthem I know you are more fit.
 Of Country news I have A Care
 Amongst my Neighbours to have a share
 And to observe what they relate
 Of Church government and of state,
 And for Church news this December
 Some Account each one may render
 For we have a Proclamation
 To banish wholly from this Nation
 All popish Prælates with their fryers

And

A smart Garland.

51

And send them to Attend their Quires
To say their masses in France and Spaine
And never to return againe
Their Religion's out of fashion
And we are now for Reformation
It being seriously intended
That Religion shall be mended,
Our Taylors say it is their turn
To mend all that is overworne
And the good shoemaker is in hast
To Forme Religion on his last
The Cobler with his great black thumb
Turning the bible will have it done
And Tinkers say they may be bould
For to mend things that are too Ould
And they can Religion settle
As well as deale with pan or Kettle.
The Brewers faith like his March-beets
Must be renewed once each yeare :
And the Baker in his owne trade
Thinks all is best that's freshly made.
The very turnspit and the Cooke
Know those misteries without booke
With greazy fingers they can boaste
To know those things as well as roast.
But Chirurgeons say that they know best
How Religion should be drest
And the Physitian being wise
Knows the distempers that Arise
In Soules that Chieflly have A Care
For their Bodies to get good fare.
Our Learned Clarks they make A Game
Of all the scriptures in A moment
And the Lawyer will aske no fee
To shew how texts and texts Agree :

Great and small man and Wife
Younge and ould all are in strife
To shew their religious inclination
For this intended Reformation
The seaman he Amongst his roaps
Can cry against the list of Popes
And hardly can you finde Awoman
But is mor Learned then Pope Juane
They know subtilly to dispute
To reason bouldly and compute
With Arguments of A strange moode
And figure to be understood,
Yet in one point we all Agree
It's to reforme Ould Papistrie
That Religion is too Ould
It's time in it for to grow Could
It doth not teach us what is best
To live happily at our rest
Affordeth nothing that can please
Or place us quietly at ease
We must not onely beleive their Creeds
But must doe pennance and good deeds
Deprive all senses of their content
Fast their vigills and their lent
Confess our sins unto a Priest
Which is as troublesome as the rest
Deprive our Pastors of their Wives
Oblidge them to lead single lives
Captivate both will and wit
To whatsoe'er that Church thinks fit
Who could endure this cruelty
Of the Ould Romish Popery?
Happy Are we who now are born
All those fopperies to reform

A smale Garland.

35

Our fore fathers were simple men
And found not out our way to heaven
Without good workes by faith Alone
They might secure salvation
They laboured much they tooke great paine
They spent much mony all in vaine
In Churches, Chapples, steeples bells
In Alters which the rest excells
With faire vestments and rich robes
Golden challices, precious Coapes
And like Aron their Priests must be
Adorn'd in pomp and Majestie.
They esteem'd nothing too rich
To build and beautify the Church
And if they Could the walles should be
Of precious pearle and Porphery
As if the Lord who's every where
Were to make his dwelling there
And of their means they spent good store
In Hospitalls for the sicke and poore
Faire schooles and Colledges they did raise
t'Instruct their youth in their owne wayes
They never sayl'd to have a Care
Of their substance t'employ a share
In some good worke hoping reward
In heaven from him who all things made.
Were they not quite out their wits
To thinke that God should want their guifts?
Now all their offering all their store
Which they left for the sicke and poore
With their great revenues for the Church
Is at length fallen. into our lurch
And you know to what good uses
We convert their Ould abuses.

It's true I was a Papist born
 But my good Nature soone did scorn
 Things soe displeasing to my minde
 Where I could not my pleasure finde
 Least in that Church I should be bred
 Away from them I quickly fled
 To the Protestant Congregation
 Which was the first Reformation
 Soe many cry'd against that name
 That in conscience I was Ashame
 Tho to owne my self a Papist
 Wro was more Odious then an Atheist
 To such as onely doe Agree
 For to cry down Ould Popery.

And you know since how I have chang'd
 From one sect to Another rang'd
 A Presbiterian I have been
 Amongst the Puritans I have seen
 How those holy Saints intend
 By Reformation all to mend
 At last for feare to loose my Maker
 You heard how I became A Quaker
 There all is spirit all is light
 And this light spirit hath cleare sight
 For to dis. over more obscure notions
 Then's in booke o'th Revelations,
 But you tell me all's in vaine
 And I must backe to Rome Againe
 And when I see Religion lost
 Seeke it where I had it first.

Vale.

A Se-

A Second Letter to him.**XXV.**

SR. my last was in December
Its contents as I remember
Was to let you understand
The Zeale and fervour of this land
For Religions Reformation
Which then Appear'd by Proclamation
A worke which long since was begun
Still a doing but never done
Our pen, and speech, heerein we spend
And yet we never see An End
The light, and spirit, word, and Lord
Can never bring us to Accord
All seeke for truth and none Can sweare
That truth is rather here then there:
For this truth we all doe fight
And each pretends to have the right
Papists doe say their faith did stand
A thousand years in this our Land
With Churches, Alters, Priests and Clerks
Of which they have ten thousand markes
But Protestants that did them forsake
A new reformed course to take
Say that Papists were all blind
And that with them truth you might finde
Nay with us faith the Puritan
All true doctrine finde you Can.
The Presbyterian faith it's cleare
That with him it doth appeare.
The Anabaptist is of the mind
With him onely you shall it find.

The Quaker faith, with him you might
 Find truth as cleare as the day light
 Those Are the fruits of Reformations
 Often changing in those Nations.
 The Protestant he began this game
 And the Ould Romish Church did blame
 Against it he did Cry his till
 Nothing amiss if he spoake Ill
 Sayd they worship'd stocks, and stones,
 Dead mens reliques and their bones
 Ador'd a peice of baked bread
 Beleiv'd a Purgatory for the dead
 Held their transubstantiation
 With Indulgences of each fashion.
 He did protest he could not be
 Subject to this Old Popery:
 Archbishops and Bishops he would maintaine
 And swear supreamacie was in vaine
 Why should the Pope they n'ere did see
 Of all the Church the supream be?
 Could any one man be soe bould
 As to be Pastor of all the fould
 This supream head they all did scorn
 't Was the first point of their reforme
 Popish praelats must goe downe
 Protestant Bishops come in their Roome
 Then we thought that all was cleare
 Untill soone after did appeare
 The Presbiterian whose pure wayes
 And Ardent Zeale did gaine much praise
 He did abhor all Prelacie
 As parcell of Old Poperie
 For Bishops are but little Popes
 Too keep them were to loose all hopes

A smale Garland.

Of that perfect Reformation
That was intended for the Nation
If we have Bishops. let us stand
To the first Bishops of the land,
Or let our Church's hyerarchie
Consist in pure Presbitery.
No saith the Independent, I
Can admit no dependencie;
My Christian conscience and profession
Cannot agree with this subjection
He be my Pope, and Bishop too,
With Christ alone, I'le have to doe;
I owne no minister under him
To him I must, or sinke or swim
We are servants to one master all
To him then let us stand or fall.
The Quaker with his clearer wit
Commandeth all for to submit
Unto his spirit, and his light
It's he who hath the clearer sight
Give his Zeale but leave to play
And all iniquitie will away
With pious words he thinks 't is meet
That all should lie downe at his feet.
The popish chaire thus layd a side
Each one must be his proper guide
Each to himself may raise A chaire
And build new Churches in the Ayre
Censuring all the worlds astray
That Cometh not in his owne way.
Such divisions are th'effects
Of all our late reformeing sects
Where by we Are still in debate
And each man doth his neighbour hate

A finale Garland.

For God's sake, we, hate our freinds
 And raise such quarells as never ends
 Since that we all thus disagree
 And that our Iudgements various be
 I thinke with some it were more fit
 To leave each one to his owne wit
 Let each abound in his owne sence
 And live in peace without offence
 That our affections may agree
 Though our opinions various be.
 Will you be alwayes in A storme
 Because that I cannot conforme
 My sence, my reason, and my wit
 To what your fancy thinketh fit?
 For your conceits to me unknowne
 Renounce the thoughts that Are my owne:
 Is charitie growne soe obstinate
 Or seditious as teach us hate
 Such as cannot their Judgement change
 To ours? which to them may seeme strange
 Force them to make A new confession
 Against their consciences profession.
 Rather let each think what he will
 Let each be rul'd by his owne skill
 Let each one follow his owne way
 And pittie those who Are Astray
 And though our thoughts cannot agree.
 Affections may united be.

Vale your Friend.



The

The Seeker

*To the tune of the skilfull
Doctor.*

XXVI.

HOW many this question propose unto me
What faith and Religion I firmly profess
To answer their question I alwayes am free
To pray them thinke of me what they please to
gues

For in this I change

I vary and range

Two dayes cannot finde

My self of one mind

Where by Old and young the great and the smale
May thinke that I have no Religion at all.

Now I am past fifty near sixty years Ould

Yet know not in what Religion to dye;

In faith and Religion I still have been could,

And look'd upon all with indifferent Eye.

I n'er was so bold

As to blame the Ould

Our

Or say that the New
 Was surely more true
 For I finde it certain that every year
 Like new modes and fashions Religion appeare. Thur
T
And
't

Our learned ould Lilly if liveing these times
 Of change of Religions might Almanacks make
 For ther's A Geography of faith as of climes
 Of which he might observations well take
 Without going more far
 Then Mercurys star
 Then Venus and the Moone
 His worke may be done: If
O

Out of the conjuncture of these constellations.
 He might well foretell each years Reformations.

But in reformations this doth me displease
 That Zealous reformers soe much disagree
 The one to the other as Antipodes,
 In wayes of reforming must opposite be:
 What one of them sayes
 The other destroyes
 Then cometh a next
 With his contrary text
 As if Religion were solely intended
 To be alwayes A mending and never be men-
 ded.

Thus

A smale Garland.

61

Thus we see young Christians Old Christians con-
temn (spise

Their customes, and manners, and doctrines de-
And children of our Age are free to Condemn
't Welve hundred years practice of learned &
wise

But let them be bent
Against Rome and Trent
And let them cry down
The Old miter and gown
If they in reforming will not soon Agree
Of the Old, not reformed, Religion I'll be.



The

A smale Garland,

The man in restraint makes his complaint.

To a pleasant Irish tune called Noarah Oige
neé yeorane.

XXVII,

Like an Hermit in my Cell
With my self Alone I dwell
To my self I onely tell

My sad moanes
With doletull sighs I doe complaine
My teares expresse my grief and paine
My bitter thoughts cannot refraine

From heavy groanes

Like a Captive or a slave,
Noe Joy of freedome can I have
Noe grace, no favour, can I crave

Which makes me moane.

My loveing freinds have chang'd their mind
The civill now become unkind
Their tender hearts I sadly find

Are turn'd to stone

How little comfort doe I gaine
When to my self I thus complaine
My plaints doe but augment my paine

Which makes me moane.

Heavens above what have I done,
That all men doe my presence shun
And leave me shut up in this Roome

Alwayes alone.

The

The friend answereth to the Complaint

To the same tune.

XXVIII.

WHy should an Hermit in his Cell
Where peace and rest should alwayes dwell
His discontents unto us tell

And his sad Moanes:

Why doth he sigh and thus complaine.
His teares should not expresse his paine
His better thoughts should him refraine
From heavy groanes.

He's not a Captive nor a slave
Whilst he his conscience free can have
What favour hath he need to crave

Why doth he moane

Though that his friends have chang'd their mind.
They may againe become most kind
And to his comfort he may find

Their hearts not stone.

True Joy and comfort for to gaine
He must forbear thus to complaine
And with sweet patience beare that paine

Which makes him moane.

Heavens to him great grace have done
That worlds false pleasures he can shun
Being closely Cloyster'd in that Roome

Alwayes alone.

Patience

Patience in restraint.

XXIX,

NOw in my heart I made a Cell
 Where Patience ever more shall dwell
 To suffer all and never tell,

My sad moanes
 My patient heart shall ne'r complaine
 Though I endure all grief and paine
 With silence I shall still refraine
 From heavy groanes.

Patience cannot be a slave
 If patience in my heart I have
 No other freedome will I crave
 I'll never moane.
 Patience shall soe confirm my mind
 That though all change and prove unkind
 Their changeings my heart still shal find
 As firme as stone

Great help from Patience doe I gaine
 To suffer all and n'er complaine
 To beare all burthens without paine
 And n'er to moane.
 I take all well what e're is done
 I care not all the world me shun
 Whilst patience in my heart hath roome
 I'm not aloane.
 The

The freind approveth the resolution.

X X X.

I Am now pleased with your Cell
Since vertuous patience there doth dwell
It's she that taught you n'er to tell

Your sad moanes.

From her you learn'd not to complaine
From her you learn'd to suffer paine
From her you have learn'd to refraine

From heavy groanes.

Patience the comfort of a slave
The joy of those who no joy have
The greatest help which helps crave

When they doe moane.

Then be still of a patient mind
Admire not freinds to prove unkind
In time of need and want we find

Their hearts are stone.

By patience onely you can gaine
Releife from what makes you complaine
Th'onely remedy for that paine.

Which makes you moane.

What patience sayes let that be done
And suffer what you cannot shun
Learn this good lesson in your roome

Alwayes alone.

Tis a happines in restraint that I doe not heare
or see the Condition of my poore freinds. His

XXXI.

I live contented in my Cell
Where far from discontents I dwell
Of sorrows I can nothing tell
Nor of sad Moanes.

Shut up from causes to complaine
Free'd from those cares which gave me paine
My heart at rest can now retrain
From heavy groanes.

In freedome I liv'd like a slave
Noe comfort of my self could have
Soe many did my presence crave
To heare their moanes.
Their sad complaints would vex the mind
Of any that was not unkind
And their laments would pittie find
From hearts of stone.

Now noe displeasures shall I gaine
By hearing my sad freinds complaine
I am removed from that paine
Which made me moane
Pleasures to me the Heavens have done
That such displeasures I can shun
With my self pleased in this roome
Alwayes alone.

His

His freind desireth rather he had liberty to be
Amongst them to comfort them.

XXXII:

PRay let me see you in your Cell
Where with content you say you dwell
That like a freind I may you tell
You can but moane.
When that your freinds abroad complaine
Can you be free from greif and paine
Have you a heart for to refraine
From heavy groanes

Is it not now you are a slave
When neither feet nor hands you have
To help thole who your helps doe crave
And for you moane.
I know you have a tender mind
Then doe not you become unkind
Let your freinds ne'r say they find
Your hearts of stone.

I pray you then return againe
To hear afflicted freinds complaine
Which will much ease them from that paine
Which makes them moane.
Is their desire let it be done
The heavens will not have you to shun
Their presence, clos'd up in one roome
Alwayses alone.

The man in restraint finds his consolation
in his bookes.

XXXIII.

With dead mens books now in my Cell
As with the buried I doe dwell
The dead doth to us liveing tell
That we should moane.
Of us they Justly doe complaine
That in this world we take noe paine
To save our soules, but hell to gaine
With endless groanes.
In hell th' eternall damned slave
Brimstone and fire and racks must have
From torments no Release can crave.
But still must moane.
Yet sinners have a brazen mind
To themselves cruell and unkind
Who write or speake of hell doe find
Their hearts are stone.
One moments pleasures for to gaine
Millions of years they must complaine
Being once condemned to hell paine
Ever to moane.
Then let us doe what should be done
Hells damned tortures for to shun
And to obtaine in heaven a roome
Thers Joys alone.
His

His freind is pleased with that.

XX XIV.

THose bookes which please you in your Cell
Were made by saints which now doe dwell
In heaven whose Joys no tongue can tell

Where none doth moane

In heaven ther's none that can complaine

There all is glory with out paine

Who looseth heaven and hell doth gaine

Shall alwayes groane.

It's happy here to be a slave

In heaven hereafter Joys to have

Delight more great then hearts can crave

No greif no Moane.

Let crosses here afflict our mind

Let freinds like foes become unkind

Let all afflictions our hearts find

As firme as stone.

Roses of Paradise for to gaine

Of thornes of Earth let's not complaine

Their sharpness should not give us paine

Nor cause us moane.

In all things let Gods will be done

What him offends that let us shun

Let nothing in our hearts have roome

But God alone.

The banish'd man lamenteth , the 20 of
November, the day of his parting
drawing neare.

To the tune of farewell faire Armedia. &c.

XXXV.

BEshould I am speechless, my lips are grown weake,
My tounge without motion, wants language to speake,
My heart drown'd with sadness, sighs onely affords,
My eyes with their teares, doe weep with my words,
I greive, and I mourne, I crie, and lament,
Againe to return to my banishment;
To part with my counery, my kindred, and freinds,
And with all the comforts, that on them attends.

Adieu my deare country, poore freinds all farewell,
My hearts greif in parting, my tounge cannot tell;
I should be more happy with you to remaine,
To share of your tuffrings, partake of your paine
To drinke of your Vinegar, taste of your gall,
Condoleing your Ruins, lamenting your fall;
And where e'r I goe, my heart that's not Steele,
(These thornes that doe peirce you) with pittie must feel.

Why twice I was banish'd this cause is most true,
For rendring to God, and to Cæsar, their due;
When first I was banish'd, noe cause could they bring,
But that I was subject to Charles my King;
What for him I suffer'd the cause gave content
Was for him, and with him, away I was sent,

For

A smale Garland:

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For suffering with him I could not complaine,
One thought of his sufferings did ease all my paine.

Againe to be banish'd the cause as they saith,
Is the Ould Religion, my God, and my faith,
For God, and my faith, I must be content,
Againe from my Country away to be sent;
And for my Religion if suffer I must,
My comfort is great, the cause being Just,
To suffer for Justice great blessings there Are,
With Joy then I'll suffer in hopes to have share.

I am not then speechless, my lipps are not weake,
My tongue hath its motion, and language to speake,
My heart free from sadness, smiles onely affords,
My eyes, and my looks, doe laugh with my words,
I shall neither mourne, nor cry, nor lament,
Againe to Return to my banishment,
For God I most freely leave country and freinds,
And part with all comforts that on them attends.



The

The banishe'd man his Adieu to his
Country.

To the tune of since Calia's my foe &c.

XXXVI.

DEARE Country Adieu, though faithfull and true,
To morrow, with sorrow, I must part from you:
Without more delay, this is my last day,
Remember, November, doth force me Away,
Yet i cannot well tell how to bid you farrewell
My parting is smarting more painefull then hell
More inflamed then fire i burn with desire
That my death its last breath at home may expire.

In strange Countries unkind I shall never find
New faces, new places, to pleasure my mind:
Where ever I goe, I am Certaine to know,
A stranger, A Ranger, shall never want woe,
I would part with the gaine of France, and of Spaine
Theire pleasures and treasures at home to remaine
But if I must begon, to my self all allone,
In some cave, near my grave, I'll make my sad moane,

In the long winters night, it shall be my delight,
With displeasure, at leisure to tell my sad plight
In the summer, and spring, to the vallies I'll sing
My complaints their plaints with Ecchos shall ring
In blacke I'll appear all dayes of the yeare
My cries the skies and heavens all shall hear
From the heavens I will crave this blessing to have
That I may die with my freinds near my grave.

The

The banish'd man's Adieu to the
world, to the same tune.

XXXVII.

Since the world is my foe, and her Joys proves my woe
From her charmes full of harmes away I will goe.
Her pleasures doe bring, with their hony a sting
With her sweet, I doe meet gall mixt with each thing
She still doth propose the thorn with the rose
Her contentings, repentings soone after disclose
Then false world adieu I will cease to pursue
Thy delights, which affrights, and thy Joys still untrue

In some silent Cell near my grave I will dwell
To false pleasures, and treasures, I'll give my farewell
With grace I'll begin to repent for my sin,
My teares with my teares, God's mercies may win
My sad soul in paine, shall mourne and complaine,
Lamenting relenting, heavens pittie to gaine:
It's never too late, to begin for to hate
Those crimes that inclines to a damnable state.

Good God from above inspire me thy Love
Thy will to fulfill and faithfull to prove
Faithless and untrue I long stray'd from you
Now mend me, and bend me, and make me all new
Give me teares to bemoane, all my sins past and gone
And for ever to endeavour to love you alone
From heaven send me grace soe to run this lifes race
That who made me may have me when I come to my last
pace,

The banished man's Knell*To the tune of Ishebeal a Boorke.***XXXVIII.**

When morning or evening I hear the sad bell
 With dolefull sound ringing for dead men a knell,
 Then I doe remember that sure I must die
 And know not how soone in my grave I shall lie:
 Whilst the bell doth ring I doe wholly bequeath
 My best silent thoughts and my mind upon death
 For life that's most pretious and pleasant this day
 To morrow by death may be taken away.

Confide not in plenty, in youth doe not trust,
 't Is not strength nor beauty, can keep you from dust
 The youngest and fairest and strongest must die
 On death his low pillow their heads must down lie
 And laid in their graves without motion or breath
 Become fowle, and filthy, and loathsome by death,
 For life that's most pretious, and pleasant this day,
 To morrow by death may be taken away.

We stand on their graves for them we doe weep
 But noe crie can wake them from their deadly sleep
 Untill the last day they enjoy heavenly light
 Or ever be damned unto hells darke night
 From the dead, let the liveing then learn to be wise
 Vaine honours, and riches, and pleasures, despise;
 For life that's most pretious and pleasant this day
 To morrow by death may be taken away.

The

The second part.

To the same tune.

XXXIX.

FOR death to prepare whilst we live let's repent
Our careless life past our dayes and years spent
In Folly, and fancy, in vice, and in sin,
For which to doe pennance 't is time to begin
For all our offences 't is time to have sorrow
This day let's begin and not stay for to morrow
For life that's most precious and pleasant this day
To morrow by death may be taken away.

To be greived for sin is to be sweetly sad,
Our faults to repent is to be surely glad,
All other delights doe but flatter the mind
In sadness for sin true sweetness we find
Nothing can ease, or please, like this sorrow
This day let's begin and not stay for to morrow
For life that's most preicous and pleasant this day,
To morrow by death may be taken away,

That our greif and sorrow may not be in vaine
What now we repent Let's renew not againe
Let our thoughts of death at the sound of the knell
Still keep us in mind that we may live well
But for to live well God's grace we must have
Stay not for to morrow this blessing to crave
For life that's most pretious and pleasant this day
To morrow by death may be taken away.

The

The de profundis of the banish'd man
before his death.

To the tune of the Knell.

XL.

IN the depth of my Woes, prepareing to die,
O! high Lord of Mercies, for mercie I cry
I cry, and I cry, that thy most gracious eares
Attend to my Voice, and my heart full of feares,
For if that thy Justice doth observe my sin,
What shall I then doe? what sad case am I in?
But thy vast redemption hath mercies in store
I'll sing thy great mercies now and evermore.

In thy wrath and fury pray doe not chastise,
My soull full of feare on thy mercie relies
Behoulding my sins, my feares doe increase
Behoulding thy mercies, I hope rest in peace,
My crimes forepast all my faults? I confess
Thy most holy Lawes I did often transgress
But thy vast redemption hath mercies in store
I'll sing thy great mercies now and evermore.

It's thy mercy onely can my crimes deface
My defects, and neglects, can be washt by thy grace
The streames of thy pittie can make my soule cleane
And by mercy your glory by me may be seen
Then glory O! Eather shall I sing to thee
And to thy son Jesus the like glory be
To th'holy ghost glorie, all three I adore
I'll sing your great Mercies now and evermore.

Amen.

A Form

A Form of Thanksgiving for any Favour
received from God.

*The Hymn of S. Ambrose & S. Augustijn.
Te Deum Laudamus.*

XLI.

O Ur tongues, O God, thy prais record.
We thee Confess, O soverain Lord
To the, eternal Father all,
Who dwell on earth do prostrate fall.
To thee the Angels at all houres
To thee the heavens and heavenly powers;
To thee with voice incessantly,
The Seraphins and Cherubs cry;
Thou Holy, Holy, Holy one
Of Sabaoth Lord and God alone
Fill'd is the Earth, the heavens the Skie.
With glory of thy majesty.
The blest Apostles glorious quire;
The prophets whom thou didst inspire.
And all white robed Martyrs sing.
Eternal prais to thee their king
The Holy Church does loudly sound:
Thy blessed Name through out the Round.
Of the whole earth confessing thee
Father of boundless majesty,

The

The same by her is also don,
 To thy sole Venerable Son:
 And to thy holy ghost that arms,
 The soul with Consolating Charmes
 Thou, Christ, hast kingly glory won.
 Thy Fathers sempiternal son.
 Thou, man to free from endles pain.
 A virgins womb didst not disdain.
 Thou Death subduing didst unlock,
 Heavens Realm unto thy faithful Flock.
 On Gods right hand thou sitst as bright.
 As is thy Fathers radiant light.
 Our Judge to come thou art esteemd.
 Thy servants therfore help redeemd.
 With thy most pretious Blood, and make:
 Us with Saints of blis partake.
 Lord Save thy people in distress
 Thy heritage vouchsafe to bless.
 Rule and exalt them without end.
 Our daily blessings thee attend,
 Thy glorious name we magnify,
 From age to age, eternally.
 This day sweet Lord we now are in.
 Preserve us from committing sin.
 Have mercy on us, Lord: Efface
 Our sins with thy celestial grace.
 Thy mercy on us, Lord, be Seen,
 As in thy self our hopes have been.
 Lord, I have fixd my hopes on thee,

Then

Then let me ne'er confounded be. *Vers.* Bless we
the Father, and the Son with the Holy Ghost.
Resp. Lt us prais and extol him for ever. V. O
Lord Hear my Prayer. R. And let my supplica-
tion come to thee.

O God of whose mercies there is no number,
and of whose goodnes the treasure is infinit
we humbly thank thy divine Majesty, for the
gifts thou hast bestowed on us; always beseeching
thy clemency, that thou who grantest the re-
quests of those that humbly ask, wilt not for-
ake us, but dispose us for the rewatds to come.
Through our Lord *Iesus Christ* thy Son, who
with thee and the Holy Ghost lives and reigns
one God world without end.

O Pen thine eys my Soul, and see
Once more the light returns to thee:
Look round about, and chuse the way
Thou mean'st to travel o're to day.

Think on the dangers thou may'st meet,
and always watch thy sliding feet:
Think were thou once hast faln before;
and mark the place, and fal no more.

Think

Think on the helps thy God bestows;
 And cast to steer thy life by those:
 Think on the sweets thy Soul did feel,
 When thou didst well' and do so still.

Think on the pains that shall torment
 Those stubborn sins that ne're repent:
 Think on the joys which wait above,
 To crown the head of holy love.

Think what at last will be thy part,
 If thou go'st on where now thou art:
 See life and death set thee to chuse;
 One thou must take, and one refuse.

O my dear Lord, guide thou my course,
 And draw me on with thy sweet force:
 Still make me walk, still make me tend,
 By Thee my way, to Thee my end.

All glory to the sacred Three,
 One undivided Deity:
 As it has been in ages gone,
 May now, and ever, still be done. Amen.

F I N I S.

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